

THE CRUMB

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 1

12 August 1987

"As to poetry, you know...I can repeat poetry as well as other folk, if it comes to that--"  
"Oh, it needn't come to that!"

What You Need to Come To

9:00	Lecture: Robert Pack, "Words and Music"	Little Theatre
10:10	Lecture: Hilma Wolitzer, "Heavy Breathing"	Little Theatre
2:15	Panel: Research for Fiction and Non-fiction	Little Theatre
4:00	Reading: Carole Oles Ron Hansen	Little Theatre
5:30	Lawn Party	West Lawn
8:15	Reading: Francine Prose	Little Theatre

For Repete's Sake

Please note the following change on the blue Schedule of Events: all 10:15 events will begin at 10:10 and all 11:30 events will begin at 11:20. We say it now to avoid repeating it later.

They Threw the Leaking Glasses Out

In case you're still feeling lawnly after last night's display of Bread Loaf's Good Reception, our Social Staff wants to broadcast the following invitation: "The first day is always just a "dry run." For a real taste of the Spiritus Mundi on the mountain, come to a Lawn Party this afternoon at 5:30 on the West Lawn (on the Ripton side of the Inn). For your Soule's content, come drink in the presence of new acquaintances, and soon you'll think you knew them all alawn." Be there: you belawn among us.

A Repeat(chy) Performance

Last summer's Panel Discussion on Research was so successful that Ron Powers, David Bain, and Bob Reiss have promised to repeat their peachy performance this afternoon at 2:15 in the Little Theatre. Join them for a discussion on research as a tool for both non-fiction and fiction.

A sWell Other

Keep your eyes open for a Mystery Guest on the mountain. This shadowy figure will step out into the spotlight on Friday for a Special Guest Reading, but we're going to keep you guessing till then. See if you can have the mystery guessed before then: one thing's for sure, it'll be worth the wonder. You can Bank on it.

Can You Carroll?

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists assemble each summer to (w)assail us with song. If you can carry a tune (even if only piggyback) join Tim Taylor, our Senior Sonoroust, at 3:30 this afternoon in the Barn. He'll give you something to sing about.

Folk-us On-us

Don't make them bear the burden of their talent alone. The Bread Loaf Staff will read tomorrow and Friday nights in Barn West (down and around to the left of the Barn) following the 8:15 readings. Come focus on the staff of loaf as it reveals its mystic powers of sustenance.



### Folk Pas

The Crumb, Bread Loaf's daily-dallyer, welcomes submissions until 5:00 each day for the following day's issue. News, funny phrases overheard or sights overseen, faux pas, tidbits of wit, cartoons, and complimentary reviews may be left at the Front Desk, in the box outside the Secretary's Office, or on the notepad by the Crumb office on the second floor of the Library. Make no mistake: the Crumb wants your participation.

### Folksy Lady Says "Give Poe-a-try"

At Bread Loaf, the first time something happens you have to wait a year before you can be sure what it is: if it happens again next summer, it's a tradition; if it doesn't, it's a scandal. The Crumb is pleased to announce the resumption of a great Bread Loaf tradition: the Library's Literary Luminaries Fun Hunt. Here's how it works. Each issue of the Crumb will begin with a Quote of the Day selected by our clever, though down-to-earth Librarian, Marian Yee. Clues to its author's identity or the work itself will be imbedded in the day's headlines that do not echo the Quote. A Lucky Bookmark will be hidden in the appropriate Library Book. The first person to find the Lucky Bookmark and hand it in at the Library Desk will win a FABULOUS PRIZE! The winner of the day's FABULOUS PRIZE! will be announced at dinner by Headwaiter Carl Stach "Of Dishes." Win a free dinner with the Waiter of your choice, or ride around Bread Loaf in the Golf Cart with Woody Woodsum. Don't miss this chance to be the 12 day's wonder of the mountain. Good luck!

"Catherine's greatest worry--which reflected nothing so much as the limit she put on her fantasies--was that after the ceremony, when it was time for her and Joseph to kiss, they would miss each other's mouths. This preoccupation carried her through the last-minute preparations, up the aisle and well into the service."

--Francine Prose  
from Household Saints





THE CRUMB

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 2

13 August 1987

"I use the sauna from time to time. I'm fortunate in being blessed with the ability to sweat in the everyday course of events."

The Everyday Course of Events

9:00	Lecture: Ron Powers, "No Home Like Place"	Little Theatre
10:10	Lecture: Marvin Bell, "Overwriting and Underreading"	Little Theatre
11:20	Reading: Agha Shahid Ali Marianne Gingher Steven Cramer	Little Theatre
2:15	Discussion Groups	See Posted Lists
4:00	Reading: Bob Houston Julia Alvarez	Little Theatre
5:00	Guest Speaker: Rob Cowley, Senior Editor, Holt	Barn West
8:15	Reading: Donald Justice	Little Theatre
9:30	Reading: Administrative Staff Movie: <u>Anchors Aweigh</u>	Barn West Barn

Discoarse and disCussting

Discussion Groups will meet this afternoon at 2:15. To find out whose group you are in and where it meets, consult the bulletin board by the Secretary's Office. Here's your chance to join in heated discussions on the nitty-gritty details of your craft. Come see how far you can throw a discuss-ion.

The Sweat Breath of Summoner

Rob Cowley, a senior editor at Holt, will speak this afternoon at 5:00 in Barn West. This summoner to publication joins us like a West Wind, a zephyr whose swete breathe inspired hath in every Holt and heath a prospect almost as encouraging as Bread Loaf's itself: that our summers and winters of sweating over our trade will lead to Bucketts of bucks.

Writing Everyday Events

People engaged or interested in biographical writing are invited to meet with Paul Mariani in the Blue Parlor at 5:00 this afternoon.

Eventual Corrections

Later in the Conference you will want to know about these changes in the course of events: Bill Matthews will lecture next Thursday at 11:20 in the Little Theatre; Tim O'Brien's second workshop will meet at 9:00 next Thursday; and Francine Prose's second workshop will meet at 9:00 on the second Saturday. Eventually we'll get it right.

Blessed Booze

This afternoon at 1:30 our faithful Alcoholites will be in the Blue Parlor to take your orders for beer, wine, and other spirit-raising spirits. Please be prepared to pay for your order when you place it, and don't forget to pick up your spirits after dinner in the Blue Parlor. What you don't collect then will go to the Waiters' slush fund. Here's your chance to be bamboozled in the most pleasant way possible. But beware: they come beering gifts.



### Textual Diversity

The Administrative Staff will read tonight from its diverse body of work at 9:30 in Barn West. Featured readers will be Carl Stach, Isabeall Logan, Diann Shoaf, Ben Reynolds, Pamela Pack, Suzanne Wise-Thorn, and Woody Woodsum.

### Sing Hosaunas to God-ine

David Godine of David R. Godine, Publisher (who else?), will be our guest speaker tomorrow afternoon at 2:15 in the Little Theatre. He'll show you the no sweat side of publishing.

### Nability

We've managed to nab a noble guest as tomorrow's Special Guest Reader at 10:10 in the Little Theatre. If you're still not sure who it is, just listen for the russell of his language.

### Anchora Sweaters

Tonight's first Free Film Festival presentation will be Anchors Aweigh at 9:30 in the Barn. If you've always wanted to see Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra sweat over the anchor, this is the movie for you.

### Imp-robbable Saunario

Our untiring Social Staff had planned a special program of Gragorian Chants and Strauss Waltzes to accompany Saturday night's soon-to-be-infamous Barn Dance. Unfortunately, Professor Chester Berg Wurlitzer, the musicologist responsible for the program and renown almost as much for his diminutive size and sense of humor as for his scholarly acumen, has disappeared. Foul play is suspected (what evil-doer in the known world could rest easy at the thought of so many people having so much fun?), but the means by which we were robbed of our impish impressario remains unknown. Not to be daunted, our Socialights continue their preparations for the dance and suggest you do the same: for instance, in the past many Bread Loafers have taken this opportunity to come dressed as their favorite literary figures. Middlebury abounds in costume materials and your imaginations abound (we are sure) in inspirational materials. Put one and one together and come as you aren't. And if in your perambulations you happen to hear word of Prof. Wurlitzer's whereabouts, let the Crumb know immediately.

### Fortune Ate In

Fortune sat with John Kilgore at breakfast yesterday. No sooner had he read the Quote of the Day than he Carrolled, "Lewis Carroll!" Quickly scanning the headlines of that day's edition of the Crumb, John noticed that "They Threw the Leaking Glasses Out" bore a striking resemblance to Through the Looking Glass. John then rushed over to the Library where, looking in a copy of the aforementioned book, he found the Winning Bookmark. As a result, John was the proud recipient at dinner last night of the winner of the 25th Annual Marvin Bell Look-alike Contest: a hardboiled egg illustrated by Linda Yorton's son Ian. You too can aspire to fame and good fortune in the Library's Lit Out for the Territories Daily Quote Contest.

"Busts of the great composers glimmered in niches,  
Pale stars, Poor Mrs. Snow, who could forget her,  
Calling the time out in that hushed falsetto?  
(How early we begin to grasp what kitsch is!)  
But when she loomed above us like an alp,  
We little towns below would feel her shadow.  
Somehow her nods of approval seemed to matter  
More than the stray flakes drifting from her scalp.  
Her etchings of ruins, her mass-production Mings  
Were our first culture: she put us in awe of things.  
And once, with her help, I composed a waltz,  
Too innocent to be completely false  
Perhaps, but full of marvellous cliches.  
She beamed and softened then.

"Mrs. Snow"  
by Donald Justice

Ah, those were the days."



## THE CRUMB

### The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 3

14 August 1987

"Even Milton, looking for his portrait in a spoon, must submit to have the facial angle of a bumpkin."

#### What To Look For

9:00	Lecture: David Madden, "Revision is an Act of the Technical Imagination"	Little Theatre
10:10	Special Guest Reading: Russell Banks	Little Theatre
11:20	Reading: Mark Hertsgaard Sue Ellen Thompson Don Bolton	Little Theatre
2:00	Guest Speaker: David Godine	Little Theatre
4:00	Reading: Don Axinn David Huddle	Little Theatre
5:30	Cocktail Party	Library Lawn
8:15	Reading: Nancy Willard	Little Theatre
9:30	Reading: Administrative Staff	Barn West

#### Rustle and Wrangle

And now the moment you've all been waiting for: the revelation of today's Mystery Guest Reader. After much wrangling we've managed to rustle us up a real celebrity in Russell Banks, author of numerous novels, including Hamilton Stark, The Relation of my Imprisonment, and Continental Drift, as well as many collections of short stories, such as Trailer Park, The New World, and Searching for Survivors. Don't miss this opportunity to hear a celebrated russeller of pages perform just for you. In the progression of literary movements, Bustle Ranks high in everyone's esteem.

#### Elly-ought To Go, By George!

If Elly asks you, tell her she really ought to go; and so should you. David Godine, publisher of many Bread Loaf big leaguers, will speak this afternoon at 2:00 in the Little Theatre on the art of publishing, the art of getting published, and the art getting published.

#### Don't March Off In the Middle

The Administrative Staff reading continues (and concludes) tonight. Don't forkget to come to Barn West after Nancy Willard's reading to see the Star mAngled Spanners, er, Star Spangled Manners of Bread Loaf's nightlights of future fame: Blue Argo, Beth Weatherby, Marian Yee, Linda Yorton, Chris Merrill, Stacy Chase, and Judson Mitchum.

#### A Poor-tail Makes a Bad Cock-trait

There will be a Cocktail Party this evening at 5:30 on the Library Lawn (between the Tennis Courts and the Little Theatre). Take this last chance before the lights go out for the Saturday Barn Dance to strut your stuff and admire others' feathered finery. Mix with Sir Walter Scotch or sip a Gin and Miltonic as you portray your better side.

#### Submit to Her Marcy

Marcy Pomerance, an editor from Houghton Mifflin, and Chris Leland, author of Mrs. Randall and her editee, will meet in the Blue Parlor tonight at 9:30 with any new and emerging writers interested in finding out about the tender marcies of editors and how they, too, can go about petting published.



### A Message from Our Sponsor

Ill wall Molars Scheet in the Rue Bloom notight dafter inner. This has been a serious message from our sponsor of spoonerisms, Diann Shoaf. Will all Scholars please show they are worthy of the name by following its directions.

### Bumpkin and Grindin'

Professor Wurlitzer, our well-known expert on primitive dance rituals and prospective compiler of Saturday's musical program, still has not returned to us. However, this message was found yesterday at lunch, tucked in between Ben Reynolds' (hamburger) buns: "Do not fear for me. I have been abducted by a roving band of literary hics who perpetrate such acts of terrorism in response to the academic snobism of some writing conferences. I have explained that Bread Loaf is no such place--that even bumpkins have their place on the mountain--but my captors demand some proof. They say that they got wind of the classical program I had been planning for Saturday's dance and decided it was the grossest possible example of intellectual totalitarianism. They would not listen to reason, but instead forced me to listen to the Rolling Stones. I have seen the light. I am enlisting in their cause. I am no longer able, in good conscience, to compile a program of Gregorian Chants. So get ready for a Dance like you've never seen before, for I have discovered the goul of Rock and Roll. The only Oldies I'll own up to knowing are Golden. Signed, Dr. Rockola (once Wurfessor Prolitzer)."

### If a Little Bump kin Do That...

Bob Reiss was reissently hit on the head by a fan too eagerly waving an autograph book unmarked behind him. As a result, Bob seems unable to think of a title for his latest book. So he has decided, quite reissonably, to ask for help from the Bread Loaf community. Anyone able to help Bob with his little "problem" will reissieve either 1) an all-expense paid trip for two to London, or 2) a Fabulous Mystery Prize. See Bob for details. How can you reissist?

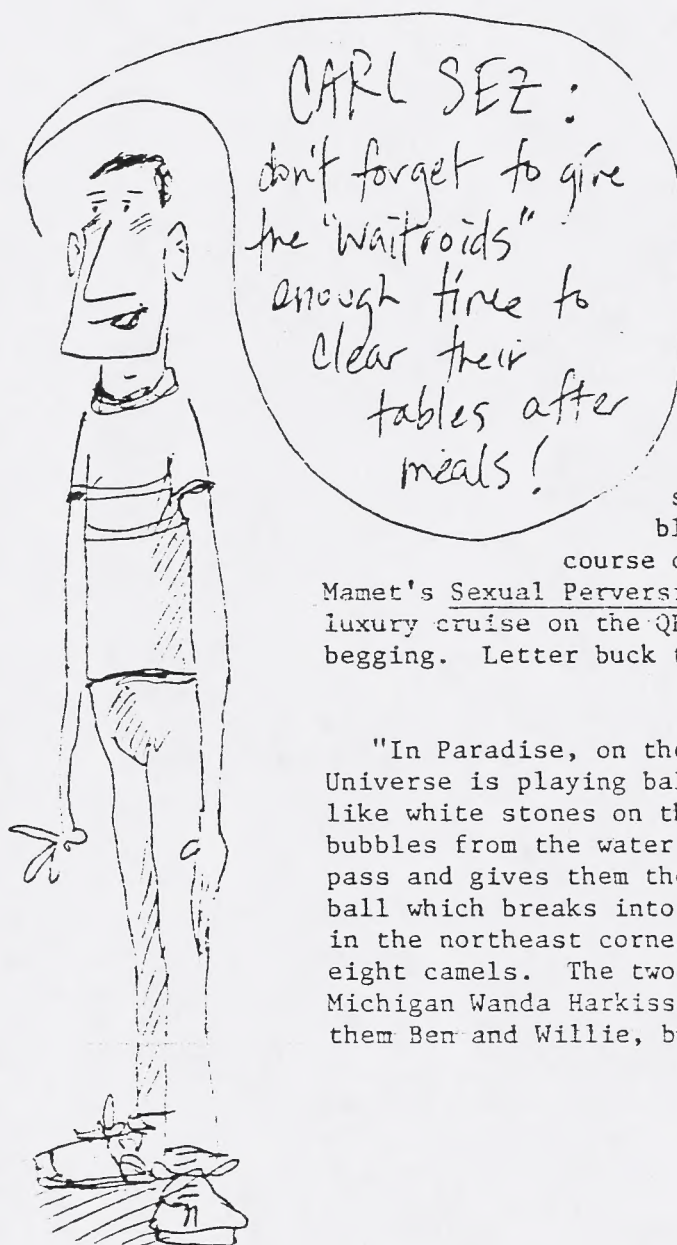
### Spoontaneous Response

In a fantastic display of spontaneity, no one guessed yesterday's Quote of the Day: "I use the sauna from time to time. I'm fortunate in being blessed with the ability to sweat in the everyday course of events." That textual diversity was from David

Mamet's Sexual Perversity in Chicago. And so one Superlative Prize--a luxury cruise on the QEII with Norman Mailer and Jack Abbott--goes begging. Letter buck this time.

"In Paradise, on the banks of the River of Time, the Lord of the Universe is playing ball with His archangels. Hundreds of spheres rest like white stones on the bottom of the river, and hundreds rise like bubbles from the water and fly to His hand that alone brings things to pass and gives them their true colors. What a show! He tosses a white ball which breaks into a yellow ball which breaks into a red ball, and in the northeast corner of the Sahara Desert the sand shifts and buries eight camels. The two herdsmen escape, and in a small town in southern Michigan Wanda Harkissian goes into labor with twins. She will name them Ben and Willie, but it's Esau and Jacob all over again."

from Things Invisible to See  
by Nancy Willard





## THE CRUMB

### The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 4

15 August 1987

"I met Richard Nixon at a play  
audition--the parts we wanted I forget.  
He was showing off. He caught my eye,  
but I...

I thought he was some kind of nut."

#### The Parts You Want to Catch Your Eye

9:00	Lecture: Donald Justice, "On Musicality in Poetry"	Little Theatre
10:10	Lecture: Tim O'Brien,	Little Theatre
11:20	Reading: Ann Hood	Little Theatre
	Michael Spence	
	Walter Mead	
2:00	Discussion Groups	Posted Places
4:00	Reading: Lore Segal	Little Theatre
8:15	Reading: Robert Pack	Little Theatre
9:30	Dance	Barn

#### Rich hard Talk

Discussion Groups will meet for the second time this afternoon at 2:00 in the same locations as last time. If you have forgotten where that was for you, too bad. If you really need to know, check the bulletin boards. For another round of rewarding, brass tacks talk, this afternoon can't be beat.

#### He Sticks a Nix on Hics in the Mix for Kicks

Dr. Rockola has returned! Bread Loaf's presiding harmonic guru escaped from his would-be captors by chanting a mantra 3,672 times running. The itinerant anti-intellectuals were reduced to a state of near-catatonia by the resulting karmic vibrations. Dr. Rockola himself was nearly incapacitated and managed to find his legs only after singing several verses of "Sympathy for the Devil" softly to himself. In order to recover full use of his faculties, the dear doctor claims a Golden Oldies Rock'n'Roll Dance is the only thing that will get his good vibrations shaking at the proper frequency. Also, since such an event is sure to attract hoards of anti-intellectuals, probably also including his abductors, Docta Rocka fears for his safety among such a motley crue. The only possible solution is to make the dance a costume affair. Therefore, everyone is cordially invited to a "Barnin' Down the House" Rock and Roll Barn Dance tonight beginning at 9:30 and continuing until the cows come home. Come dressed as your favorite literary figure and help thwart the forces of hicom. Come mix for kicks: it'll do the trick.

#### Odd-diction for Pay

In response to overwhelming demand, the Bookstore will open fifteen minutes early every day from now on. Stop by after 8:30 if you want to pay for any of our wide range of odd diction. Try it out: you won't Bellieve the Powers such a purchase Packs. Do it today--the Bookstore will be open only from 11-12 tomorrow.

#### Nutty Bene

A time of universal transformation and good energy is upon us. The Aztec Calendar ends tomorrow, marking a complete restructuring of the history of human development, and you will be able to say you were there, at Bread Loaf. Coincidentally, the Mayan millenium also concludes tomorrow night. Both events correspond to an unprecedented (in terms of human history) syzygial alignment of seven planets. Beautiful people everywhere will be gathering to share the energy. A sunrise ceremony is planned for tomorrow morning. Ask your waitperson for details, and stay tuned to this space for more information tomorrow.



### Showing Off Their parts

The Scholars will show off their arts in two parts, tomorrow and Monday nights at 9:30 in Barn West. Don't incite their choler, show up at both and catch their aye.

### Many Beside Herself Knew What Elly-ought

Our winsome, never lose-some Librarian, Marian Yee, announces that yesterday's Quote of the Day in Yee Olde Library Contest aroused more entrants than ever: "The fur was flying at the card cat-alogue and even Carl couldn't get into the stachs. And when he heard that Joshua Levine got to Middlemarch before him, Paul Mary-Annie 'Evans' nearly wept." Congratulations to Josh, who won as his FABULOUS PRIZE! a special, limited edition cork from Woody P.G. Woodsum's internationally known and Guinness Book of World Records recognized collection, autographed by the Woodlife himself. Congrats also to runners up John Kilgore, Dave Dillone, and Angie Aigabrite, as well as to Jamie Lorentzen who knew the quote even without the clues.

"Ilka hurried down the subway. At Times Square a small brown family got on the train. The hem of the little girl's pink dress hung several inches below her imitation tiger fur coat. She bagged an empty booth and urgently patted the seats: she wanted her mother and father and fat brother to come and sit down. A family booth. That was something Ilka could understand. The odds were against the child. People were crowding in both doors, and the fat brother sat down and yanked his father's arm. Ilka despaired for the little girl, but the father spoke peremptorily to the little boy; now the doors closed. The girl had got her way!

from Her First American  
by Lore Segal

advertisement

MARVIN BELL DOLLS  
AVAILABLE NOW THROUGH  
CARL STACK

\$9.95  
(without  
batteries)



"When April rains release the frozen roots,  
Swelling the soil beneath the suck of boots,  
And dewy crocuses and daffodils  
Spill out their colors as the locked stream spills  
Over awakened stones down to the lake  
Where willows flash their first buds at the break  
of chickadee-melodic dawn, there starts  
A quickened longing in all human hearts--  
"For what? For travel to some choicer place?  
New knowledge? Or a dream-familiar face?"

Clayfield, at odds with impulses like this,  
Prefers to stay at home. He blows a kiss  
To transcendental yearnings in the breeze,  
Surveys bent birches, ice-cracked apple trees,  
Declaims: "This is the wrong time of the year  
To take a trip, too much needs tending here!"  
The trees should have been pruned a month ago;  
The woodshed sags from its long load of snow;  
A porcupine has chewed the handles of  
His garden spade, his hoe and rake, in love  
With salt rubbed in from human sweat. The fault  
Is grave that Clayfield shares this taste for salt--  
(The thieving porcupine had to be shot)--  
His palate pleads for pleasures spicy hot,  
Sin's wages, eased in cholesterol,  
Which later I'll enumerate in full,  
Assuming my profane, plump Muse allows;  
I'll skim creamed Clayfield's loves from sacred cows.

from Clayfield Rejoices, Clayfield Laments  
by Robert Pack



## THE FLAKE

Volume 1, Number 1

15 August 1987

"Gnarly."

### What You'll Probably Be Late To

- 9:00 Morning beer party
- 10:00 "Penis Panel" -- William Matthews and Hilma Wolitzer discuss its various uses.
- 11:00 Open Bar. Everyone will be proofed; 120 proof and over will be accepted.
- 12:30 Waiteroid scholars take over dining room with firearms. (Several of these promising young writers have done some serious time, you know.) Run for your lives!
- 2:15 Glue-sniffing party. Don't become too attached to Bread Loaf!
- 4:00 Guest speaker<sup>leaves town. Sorry.</sup> You'll never guess who it was, but, oh, um, he was kinda like Russell Banks, but, oh, I dunno...
- 7:00 John Irving, Joyce Carol Oates, Galway Kinnell, Grace Paley and Norman Mailer will not be here at all.
- 9:30 Hardcore slam dance, with that entertaining new punk band, "Interrobang." Come as your favorite overdose!

### Waiting for Godot

The dining room staff, at the insistence of Carl Stach, will perform an abbreviated, musical version of Samuel Beckett's ~~appetizer~~ avant-garde classic -- while you're just trying to have a quiet, pleasant dinner. Songs by Ritchie Valens.

### Future Shock

Bread Loaf will, reportedly, be expanding, with more fellows, play-writing scholars and a new program devoted entirely to Lola Falana impersonators.

### Overheard at Breakfast

"What's your novel about?"  
"Silicon Valley. It's a love story."

### Edgar Allen Poe

We just put this here to throw you off on the "Fun Hunt," although



"Gnarly" was indeed Roderick Usher's middle name.

#### Hack Writer?!

Even though he's a writer himself -- that's what he keeps telling us -- headwaiter Carl Stach's suave, debonair and heavily amplified repartee at dinner is actually written by Buddy Hackett in Vegas and flown into Bread Loaf daily.

#### Heard on the Street: Bad News

Ron Hansen is, in fact, married. What's even more frightening, he's actually 74 years old.

#### Bret Easton Ellis's "Less Than Zero"

...is the answer to today's "Fun Hunt." The winner will receive a diamond necklace, a brand new 1988 Porsche, an estate in Palm Springs, a year's supply of Rice-a-Roni-the-San-Francisco-Treat, and I'll be damned if you can find the book -- or the bookmark -- in the library. Sure, I'm jealous, yeah. So what?!

#### News from the Rest of the World



REAGAN HAND-PICKS SUCCESSOR



## THE CRUMB

### The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 5

16 August 1987

"One's grand flights, one's Sunday baths,  
One's tootings at the weddings of the soul  
Occur as they occur."

#### Occurances as They Occur

10:00	Writers' Cramp Fun Run	Stone Wall Across from Inn
12:15	Bloody Mary Party	South Meadow Behind Bridgman
2:00	Meeting for Playwrights	Outside Little Theatre
4:00	Reading: David Madden	Little Theatre
8:15	Reading: Tim O'Brien	Little Theatre
9:30	Reading: Scholars	Barn West

#### Gland Frights

Though the thought might frighten your adrenal glands, if you are up in time to read this, you're in good enough shape to run in the 9th annual Bread Loaf Writers' Cramp fun run. The grand flight begins at 10:00 on the Lawn opposite the Front Porch of the Inn and heads out in search of Robert Frost. But since the artful dodger will always stay ahead of us, we'll turn back after running only three miles or so. Don't hesitate to enter, whatever your age of ability: unlike the Library Quote Contest, you don't have to be first to win a prize.

#### Re: ochrence of the Bloody Bath

Each first Sunday of every Writers' Conference, we relive the literary (not literal) bloodbath of the first few days. If you feel felled by the social struggle so far, just wait till you survey the carnage on the South Meadow behind Bridgman Cottage this early afternoon from 12:15 till 1:00 as the Spartan Social Staff concocts another bloody encounter for all aesthetes seeking to scale the mountain (whether Parnassus or Bread Loaf). Everyone is invited to the ensuing Bloody Mary Party--where Virgin Marys will be available for the neophyte Muse groupie. Come partake of the ochre flood.

#### Wettings of the Soil

A Panel on Children's Literature will be held Monday evening at 7:00 in the Blue Parlor. Featured panelists will include Ron Hansen, Lore Segal, Nancy Willard, and Hilma Wolitzer. Don't miss this discussion if you share their interest in wetting the soil from which future literary appreciation springs.

#### Playriding Institoot

Don't blame the playwrights if they blow their own horns, its only a call to all their fellows to meet outside the Little Theatre at 2:00 this afternoon. If you would like to take part in instituting discussion among playwrights here at Bread Loaf, join us.

#### Sole-ace Soulicits Society

If you are interested in forming an AA or Al-Anon group at Bread Loaf, leave a message for all like-minded souls at the Front Desk. Don't be shy: solace is the prerogative of society.

#### Tooting of the Soular System

A grand alignment of seven planets in our solar system, including the earth, is occuring for the first time in 26,000 years even as we speak. Take a moment to pause and take in some of the resulting energy--the Mayan and Hopi calendars marked its coming before we came. Take note of this extraordinary tooting of the spheres.



### One's Sundry Bathos

In the midst of so much great literature changing hands, and inspired by David Godine's success, a new publishing venture, calling itself The Pros from Dover, has begun active solicitation of the worst of Bread Loaf's talent. Sample titles from their first print list include:

The Illustrated Guide to Jello Salads of Utah, Limited Edition, 700pp with pop-up pictures, by Susan Birdette.

Gumby Chairs: An Annotated History of Lawn Furniture at Bread Loaf, 136pp with index and do-it-yourself guide to sitting on them, by Gerald Lazarus Lazzaro.

The Sexually Passive Flamingo of Central New York, Centennial Edition, 250pp with fold-outs, by John "Bircher" Birchler.

A Pictorial Guide to Dripping Showers of Mountainous Vermont, 140pp with video and cassette tapes available, by Gail "A Bargain at Any" Price.

Cajun Cheesecakes of the Bayous, 375pp with nude photos and scratch'n'sniff patches, by Glenn "I'm" Guid-"t"ry "Me."

Predict Your Own Atrocities: A Self-Help Guide for Psychopaths, 495pp with handcuffs and batteries included, by Herbert "Car" Kitson.

### The FirSt even Among Many Utters

Congratulations to Laura Fargas who was the first among many others to utter the correct solution to yesterday's Libellary Literary Quote Contest. Laura was beside herself with joy at identifying Pamela Hadas as the watershed poet in question. For her political acumen, Laura will receive her own personal shredded copy of the Crumb straight from Oliver North's own files. We had planned to award her a copy of the Watergate tapes, but they have been accidentally erased. Honorable mention should also be mentioned in connection with runner up Jennifer Bates, who wins her own set of Stanley's tools.

"If the world is all one breathing, can I imagine with a guiltless innocence that a family lies dead in that house? Does what I imagine have no consequence? Do only physical acts reverberate throughout creation?

"You, reader, may or may not choose to return and descend to the house. But I have made my choice. In this paragraph I begin as a murderer."

--from "Looking at the Dead," The New Orleans of Possibilities, by David "Maddog" Madden

"Times change--take a good hard look. Where's Mama Cass? What happened to Brezhnev and Lester Maddox? Wwhere's that old gang of mine, Sarah and Ned and Tina and Ollie? Where's the passion? Where's Richard Daley? Where's Gene McCarthy in this hour of final trial? No heroes, no heavies. And who cares? That's the stunner: Who among us really cares? A nation of microchips. At dinner parties we eat mushroom salad and blow snow and talk computer lingo."

--from The Nuclear Age  
by Tim O'Brien

Overheard: "You know, I was reading the Bible the other day: the Old Testament God was on a real ego trip. I wish I could have had him committed or something."

"Yes, but he got better in the New Testament."

"Give me several thousand years, and I'll get better, too."

A Christian is a man who feels  
Repentance on a Sunday  
For what he did on Saturday  
And is going to do on Monday.

--Thomas Ybarra



## THE CRUMB

### The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 6

17 August 1987

"My mother is a fish."

#### Effishent Fishing

9:00	Lecture: Nancy Willard, "Telling Time"	Little Theatre
10:10	Lecture: Nicholas Delbanco, "Running in Place"	Little Theatre
11:20	Reading: George Murphy Philip Gerard Judith Cofer	Little Theatre
2:00	Panel: Little Magazines	Little Theatre
4:00	Reading: Bob Reiss Joyce Johnson	Little Theatre
7:00	Discussion: Children's Literature	Blue Parlor
8:15	Reading: Paul Mariani	Little Theatre
9:30	Reading: Scholars	Barn West

#### Fissuremen

There is a noticeable gap in our culture, between the producers and consumers of literature, and this gap is heroically bridged by a small group of dedicated men and women who edit the "Little Magazines." This afternoon at 2:00, four of these "fissuremen" and "fissurewomen" will discuss their practices and policies and explain why they are fishing for your work. Included on this panel will be Rick Jackson of Poetry Miscellany, Hilda Raz of Prairie Schooner, Phil Church of Kenyon Review, and Maura High of New England Review and Bread Loaf Quarterly.

#### Elfish Appeal

Will all Bread Loafers interested in children's writing please come to a discussion at 7:00 tonight in the Blue Parlor. If you hope to appeal to diminutive readers, what better way to begin (or continue) than to answer this little appeal: come talk with Ron Hansen, Lore Segal, Nancy Willard, and Hilma Wolitzer, among others of us.

#### Their Mutters Ain't Oafish

Tonight at 9:30 in Barn West a whole new school of scholars will swim into your ken in the second part of the Scholars Readings. Featured readers tonight will include: Tom Miller "Lite," Katherine "Ralph" Ellison, Jane "Jim" Bradley, Michele "Virginia" Wolf, Gail "John" Adams, and Bill "William" Wads-"of Words"-worth. Where else can you hear the Song of Salmon read fresh daily?

#### No Fishy Schtick

Copies of the first issue of Praxis: The Graduate Review of Criticism and Theory, a new journal devoted to publishing the best graduate writing from the United States, Canada, and Britain, have just arrived. If you are interested in seeing what students in the best graduate programs are writing, or if you are eligible to submit critical or creative work yourself, don't miss this opportunity to make connections. See John Canaday or leave a note for him at the Front Desk:

#### Fashionable Passtime

Join us for a game of Croquet this afternoon in Tamarack Meadow at 3:00. D. Waddles Woodsum will be your host, and he advises everyone to dress, like him, in high fashion. This antidote to the utter barnality of the Barn Dance represents the epitome of taste. In case of inclament weather, unfurl your para-sole.



### Offishal Finnyshing Line

Just a line or two concerning the winners of yesterday's Writers' Cramp Fun Run. Clearly Chris Merrill's win in the men's difishion was no fluke: he has now come in first place two years in a row. Nor is there any doubt about the women's winner, Dorothy Sutton. The only question is how to properly congratulate all those who survived Saturday's dance in good enough shape to participate in Sunday's run. To those of us left floundering in bed, the achievement seems reward enough in itself.

### Don't Be Selfish

Please remember that leaving or entering lectures and readings while they are in progress disturbs both speakers and audiences. If you think you may need to leave an event before it has ended, your fellow conferees would be grateful if you sat either on the porch of the Little Theatre or as close to an exit as possible. Watch banging doors, too. Your conscience thanks you.

### Whirling Derfish

David Madman Madden's reading yesterday afternoon, for anyone still wondering how such a young looking urchin could have fought in the Civil War, was originally composed on the spur of the moment in front of an audience in Knoxville itself. Someone in the audience fortuitously taped the event, allowing a transcription to be made, which in turn served as the basis for yesterday's performance. A copy of the transcription has been published in The Bread Loaf Anthology of Contemporary American Short Stories, for anyone interested in a second look at the product of this match Madden heaven between a firebrand imatchination and a fortuitous situation.

### Neither These Folk nor...

Yesterday's Library Literary Look-alike Quote was not by William Sharakespeare, Joyce Carol Boats, George Crabbe, Walker Percy, nor even that maritime muckracker F. Scott Fitzgerald. Cathy Thompson correctly identified Walrus Stevens as the wouldworker who declaimed of "One's grand flights..." Congrats to Cathy, who requested as a prize a dream date with Marvin Bell. Unfortunately, Marvin plans to be out to lunch for the next few days, but as a next-best-thing we've managed to arrange a dream date with the Marvin Bell Look-alike. We hope Cathy won't be a mopy-dick: she's sure to have a whale of a time.

"An order & an order & an order,

each in quick succession, the squareshaped grids  
of one more exurbia dotted with a thousand  
tiny houses, each pulsing with a peculiar

blue imagined space. So Braque and Gris did  
remake the world, asyndetic children  
patching shattered masonry together:

a blue, a blue, a brown, a bieve, a blue,  
revising each sunsoaked landscape avulsed  
with milkblue summer brilliance, as though

we had it in us to wipe away the constant whine  
of death which each of us has heard.

A draught of vintage, so the poet had it,

a taste of Provencal, a sip of earth-cooled wine.  
Towards the end, facing the interminable  
Spanish Steps, Keats may still have listened

for the fading lift of birdsong as he hawked up  
blood & tried to kill the steady grinding  
in his skull that would not let him be,

though by then he must have known the blue across  
the topmost corner of the canvas would merely disappear  
if he ever tried to climb those tortured steps."

--from "Landscape with Visionary Blue"  
by Paul Mariani



THE CRUMB

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 7

18 August 1987

--To which particular boozing shed?...  
--We will sternly refuse to partake of strong waters,  
will we not? Yes, we will not. By no manner of means."

Of Which Particulars to Partake

9:00	Workshops: Ron Powers	Barn 5
	Marvin Bell	Barn 4
	Tim O'Brien	Barn West
	Linda Pastan	Barn 3
	Nancy Willard	Barn 2
	David Madden	Barn 1
11:15	Reading: Arthur Smith	Little Theatre
	Samuel Pickering	
	Eloise Fink	
2:00	Lecture: Paul Mariani, "The Brain that Sometimes Hears the Music"	Little Theatre
4:00	Reading: David Bain	Little Theatre
	Mark Jarman	
5:00	Discussion: Lisa Bain of Esquire	Blue Parlor
5:30	BYOB Party	Larch Well
8:15	Reading: Hilma Wolitzer	Little Theatre
9:30	Reading: Scholars	Barn West
	Discussion: Pickering Associates, Inc.	Blue Parlor

Manners and Means

John Pickering and Betsy Davidson of Pickering Associates, Inc., Literary Agents will meet tonight at 9:30 in the Blue Parlor with anyone interested in inside story of how stories end up inside magazines and books and other exclusive clubs. And as a special service to Bread Loafers, John and Betsy have offered to meet with individual conferees from 9-12 and 2-5: sign up on a first-come first-served basis in the Secretary's Office. What good manners! And they have the means that matter.

Bainished Ex-squire

This evening at 5:00, Lisa Bain, a Senior Editor at Esquire, will discuss editorial policies and polished nicities with all well-mannered Bread Loafers. Learn how you, too, can join the ranks of authors banished from the lonely literary heights to a place in the sun of popular notice.

They Means What They Says

Our beloved Alcohaulites will once again haul booze up the mountain in response to orders placed with them in the Blue Parlor between 1:30 and 2:00 today. The payload of this boozter rocket should be picked up at the B(ring) Y(our) O(wn) B(ottle/ooze) Party at Larch Well. Don't hesitate to entrust your precious bodily fluids to their care: they have the means to mean what they say, so listen to Ben Reynold's rap and don't make Andie Yellat you. Let Beth know Weather (you want to) be brought booze and tell Woody if you Wood (like) sum beer or wine. But don't make the mistake of using that nasty Blues Argot; you should express better Jud-gment Mit (yer) chums.

Yes, We Will Knot

Come tie one on and cement new friendships at the Larch Well BYOB Party this evening at 5:30, between Larch and the Annex. Look for the crowd of nodding heads.



### Yes We Have No Mananas

This is it: the last of the Scholars reading (though don't forget the Waiters tomorrow night). There will be no next time, no tomorrow, for them. So come hear Penelope "Jane" Austin, Ellen "Nancy" Drew, Laura Fargas "Llosa", Martin "George" McGovern, Helen "Robert" Schulman, and Andrea "I Can't" Barrett, tonight at 9:30 in Barn West.

### Strong Waiters Pun Deep

So listen hard for the multiple levels of meaning tomorrow night when the Waiters begin their entertainment extravaganza, simulcast in living sensarounds at 50,000 watts on most of these local stations--at 9:30 in Barn West.

### pArticulate Matter

This is a matter for articulate persons only: there will be an open reading for poets and prosists tomorrow and Thursday from 5:15 to 6:15 in Barn West. Come take part with your art--it may matter to you someday.

### No Offer You sCant Refuse

No cant here: you have a choice of main courses for the Farewell Banquet this Saturday: salmon or prime rib. If you choose prime rib, simply do nothing. Some Saturday, your waiter will place it before you. If, however, you select salmon, please sign up at the Front Desk where tickets will be distributed. Because of the difficulties involved in coordinating this special offer, no salmon will be served to anyone without a ticket. So hurry while supplies last. This is no mean offer, so remember to say "Thank you."

### Shed His Shirt

With the onslaught of the recent heatwave, Wyatt Prunty began disrobing. First to go was a tan chamois shirt, which was inadvertently left in Treman Cottage. This shirt once belonged to Wyatt's father and is therefore of great personal value to him. Wyatt says he would give the shirt off his back to have his shirt back, so anyone able to help him surely has a good show in store.

### Joy-sticks

No one can manipulate a quote like Paul Mariani and Dorothy Sutton who tied for first place in the Library's Done Qui-Quote Contest, correctly identifying William Faulkner as the exceptional (neither folks nor...) author of yesterday's Quote of the Day. As the grand prize winners, Paul and Dorothy will be "tied" to the golfcart and taken for a ride around campus by non-other than that beaming boy wonder, I. Doug Woodies Woodpecker. Don't miss this display of how joy sticks to lucky winners. Congratulations also go to Laura Conklin who, less of a stickler for details, came in second. Better luck to the rest of you in finding out what makes today's author tick!

"Her own silence troubled Linda, not only because it stressed her inadequacy as a social being, but because human exchange was so essential to survival. That lovely volley of words across pillows, and into sleep. The first man she ever slept with had taken her to his room at his married brother's house and had held one hand over her mouth throughout the act, in case she cried out in pain and happiness and woke his niece and nephew. Later she learned that other people were often boisterous in bed, and even shouted, like storm-tossed sailors sighting land."

--from Hearts, by Hilma Wolitzer

Overheard: "When Aristotle said, 'Know thyself,' do you suppose he meant in the Biblical sense?"



Special Supplement to THE CRUMB

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 7a

18 August 1987

"Oops!"

The following page was inadvertently omitted from the text of "At the Prado" in the recently released Bread Loaf Anthology of Contemporary American Short Stories, by Nicholas and Elena Delbanco. Only the missing page is reproduced here, under the assumption that all write-minded Bread Loafers will procure their own copy of the rest of the volume at the Bookstore.

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The family Monegal arrived in Madrid on January 8th. Thomas would not have described his wife and daughters, in Lexington, as "the family Monegal." Yet he became---or so said his wife--- patriarchal at the airport; he straightened his back and tapped his toes in the ticket line. Later he practiced Spanish on two likely-looking flight attendants. They were Puerto Rican, unamused. "Have you noticed," he asked Elsie, "how the stewardess these days makes a point of being surly? They're old and fat and inattentive: what Woman's Lib hath wrought!"

"With a chauvinist like you," she said, "who can blame them, darling."

"Compuesta, no hay mujer fea," he said. "Made up, no woman is ugly."

Their three daughters shared a bank of seats. He paid nine dollars for headphones so they could watch "Silverado."

Elsie had the window seat. "What else do you know?"

"En los lejos, selba la barbuda es hermosa." My father used to say that too. "From a distance, even the bearded one is beautiful."

His family had come from Spain; his father fled from Franco. "When we lost the Battle of the Ebro," said his father, "I knew I would never go back. Not until the socialists return."



THE CRUMB

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 8

19 August 1987

"See that horse-cab? Going to have that horse-cab stuffed for you for Christmas. Going to give all my friends stuffed animals. I'm a nature-writer."

Stuff We're Going to Give You

9:00	Workshops: Hilma Wolitzer	Barn 4
	Donald Justice	Barn 3
	Nicholas Delbanco	Barn West
	Francine Prose	Barn 2
	William Matthews	Barn 1
11:15	Lecture: Lore Segal, "Plots and Manipulations: The Uses of Story"	Little Theatre
12:00	AA Meeting, Everyone Welcome	Blue Parlor
2:00	Panel: Nature Writing	Little Theatre
4:00	Reading: Wyatt Prunty	Little Theatre
	Elizabeth Arthur	
8:15	Reading: Ron Powers	Little Theatre
9:30	Reading: Scholars in Waiting	Barn West
	Movie: <u>My Favorite Wife</u> (Cary Grant & Irene Dunn)	Barn

Non-Staffed Animals

Three visiting nature writers will lead a panel discussion on the practice of their art--hardly an avoidable topic on this mountain--at 2:00 this afternoon in the Little Theatre. John Elder, Robert Finch, and Don Mitchell are all former Bread Loafers who have responded to the allure of the natural setting in which we sit by writing books of essays, memoirs, how-to, and literary criticism, and have now banded together in return to tell us how we human animals can express our place in a larger animate universe in unstuffy terms.

Horse d'oeuvres

Tonight at 9:30 in Barn West, those bests of burden who bear our dinners and demands will bare their body of work in a display of what distinguishes them from animals. For an appetizing display of tastefully composed soul food, don't miss Amy Sparks, Annie Dawid, Al Maginnes, Kit Pancoast, Ellen Bryan, Amy Gehman, Robert Aichele, Cathy Thompson, Ken Crawford, Jane Murphy, Len Sanazaro, Waimea Williams, and Sandra Moore. The portions will be nouvelle cuisine, so don't worry about coming away over-stuffed.

Hemming and Hawing

is what you won't find at an open reading this evening from 5:15 to 6:15 in Barn West. Come hear your compatriots cavort: check the sign-up list outside the Dining Hall to see who's whooting.

By Horse-kcab, Camel-kcab, Mule-kcab...

However you're planning to leave the mountain, please let us know when you intend to go. Sign the Slip-Away Slip below, and let us know if you need transportation to the bus station in downtown Middlebury. The Front Desk crew are eagerly awaiting news of your departure and are ready to facilitate the process with schedules and Handy hints.

-----  
SLIP-AWAY SLIP

My Name \_\_\_\_\_ When I Will Depart \_\_\_\_\_

Yes, I need help doing so \_\_\_\_\_



### Natural Selection

Staff, Fellows, Scholars, and Administrative Scholars group photographs will be taken this afternoon at 12:30 at Treman. Waiter photographs will be taken at a later place and time: wait for it. Copies of any of the above photos may be ordered in the Secretary's Office at a cost of \$4.50 per 8x10 black and white copy.

### Stuffed Sufficiently

Whether you choose salmon or prime rib for the Farewell Banquet next Saturday evening, we promise to leave you sufficiently stuffed and suitable for framing. But you must sign up at the Front Desk by 5:00 today if you choose the fish option. Give yourself a gift: more of yourself. Sign up and eat hearty. We know you've got the stuff to do it.

### Wicket Friendzy

Monday's Croquet Tourney unleashed a wicked frenzy of competitive spirit. You'd think the players had been sitting at home all winter waiting for rejection notices and cursing the lucky few who found publication in their places. But despite a few unfortunate roquets, many new friends were made as well. Most willing to extend the hand of friendship were the winners: 1st, Woody-Couldhe With Sum Help from his Friends; 2nd, Drew "I Haven't Got In" Stock "What" woody's "Got"; 3rd, "Mario" Andretti Motolanez; 4th, Margaret "I'm" Richar-dan "You"; 5th, Carreth "Beareth" Martin; 6th, "Woody" Lore "And Chivas" Segal and Sandra Doe "O'Connor"; 7th, Curl Staccato; and 8th, Phil N. LeBlanc.

### Chris' Mess

On Monday night at this time, Chris Merrill-"y We Roll Along" was just an ordinary man. No one would have guessed he had the hero in him, not even Tim O'Brien. But when he suddenly saw through the dark lens of his fifth scotch, in which he was trying to drown his hopeless sense of mediocrity, the flames of something other than his own desire, Chris sprang into action, crying "This Chris-must do something!" What had he seen? Another figment of what springs eternally to torment us (besides hope)? No. Some dastardly purportators had set a baleful of hay on fire. So Chris' gloom was lit by that same flame. Quickly he called Carl Stached "Deck", Bob "Always" Handy, David "I'm Feeling No" Bain, Phil Geraardvark, Sandy Leg O' Lamb, Leo the Lion Hotted, and Bob Reiss's "In Pieces," whereupon our gallant soldiers rushed out into the fray and fought the fire for over an hour and a half before it would succumb to the cold shower they were administering. In the process, both Chris and Carl ruined pairs of running shoes. Ah, you ask, what were both Carl and Chris doing wearing running shoes at the same time, fighting the same fire? Some questions are better left unanswered. Let us not dabble our feet in those Brooks when a simple "Thank you" will suffice.

### No Need For Any Horspittle

We trust no one's ego was bruised by yesterday's encounter with Ulysses. Certainly Angie Arentlbright and Julie "I Can" Reed feel in fine fettle, having correctly identified James Joyce as the author of yesterday's Library Joy-Schtick. These lucky winners will receive a prize no one should spit at: a chance to meet Chris Merrill and hear the story of his heroism from the horse's mouth itself. No horsing around. Honest.

"The sky and the lake were nearly identical shades of gray. There was no color either in the amputated sycamores branching above the water line nor in the cornfields or woods that surrounded the lake, owing to high ground. When the lake opened up on my left from a narrow talon to a vast slatelike belly, I slowed the car. I tried to conjure a color-drenched summer universe: blue skies filled with cottony clouds above a sunfish-sailboat regatta, above outboard motorboats towing water-skiers, while on the shores, copper-toned young girls in iridescent bikinis reaching to accept iced-down brews from their Polaroided boyfriends--and, in the background, happy family units enjoying the picnic facilities..."

--from White Town Drowsing, by Ron Powers



# THE CRUMB

## The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 9

20 August 1987

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

### What We Serve

9:00	Workshops: Tim O'Brien	Barn 4
	Lore Segal	Barn 3
	Nancy Willard	Barn 2
	Marvin Bell	Barn 1
	Paul Mariani/Robert Pack	Barn West
11:15	Lecture: William Matthews, "The Introduction," "Lines," a dumb joke and "Travel"	Little Theatre
12:00	AA Meeting, Everyone Welcome	Blue Parlor
2:00	Lecture: Francine Prose, "Writing Without Reading"	Little Theatre
3:00	Reading: Contributors Miscellany	Barn West
4:00	Reading: Steven Bauer Jay Parini	Little Theatre
5:00	Biographical Writers Meeting	Blue Parlor
8:15	Reading: Linda Pastan	Little Theatre
9:30	Reading: Waity Scholars	Barn West

### Weighty OK-sion

The Waiters will conclude their reading tonight at 9:30 in Barn West with an especially solemn service by John Wagner, Jennifer Egan, Laura Conklin, Ephraim Paul, Jocelyn Lieu, Julie Reed, Angie Argabrite, Erik Kongshaug, Ken Bennett, Tom Funk, Andy Robinson, and Boyd White. When asked whether last night's reading was waiterproof, Bread Loaf's local croquet king, G. Woodys Winsum, replied "200 proof of their talent." You've seen the hot dogs stand and wait, now see them band and prate in the great tradition of John Greenleaf Waittner, E.B. Wait, and Walt Waitman.

### The Graduwait

Now that you're in the Bread Loaf Big Leagues, Amy Pastan, an editor from Adler and Adler Publishers (whose books are distributed by Fairer, Straws & Giraffe), is interested in meeting with you this afternoon at 3:00 in the Blue Parlor if you are working on a book of fiction or non-fiction. tAmyto Pasta says "Adle two and two and I'm sure you'll see that yer Pa-stands a good chance of being proud if you get that book published."

### Seeking to Survive Them

There will be a meeting for everyone interested in writing biographies, this evening at 5:00 in the Blue Parlor. If your mission in life is to serve others' memories with works that will survive them, this is the meeting for you.

### Waiters of the Last Ark

Bob and Joan Handy of Front Desk fame wait every year for the last ark to leave the mountain before they, too, depart. They hope to keep all of us from getting lost, and to further their quest they are willing to venture into the organizational jungles and actual planes (and pains) of coordinating taxi rides to the airport. Simply fill out the form below (don't worry: you won't gain any wait by doing so) with the departure date and time of your flight, your room number, and your name. Show us your deepartistic side now.

### Deep-art Form

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Room \_\_\_\_\_  
Flight # (if known) \_\_\_\_\_ Departs \_\_\_\_\_



### Dearth Waiter's Not Ungwaitful

As the editor of Riverstone Magazine, Tom Miller has had to wait through numerous dearths of good poetry, so he is not ungrateful when he stumbles upon first-rate work. At Bread Loaf he feels it in the air, and so he urges all conferees old enough to hold poetic license to send their work his way: P.O. Box 10844, Denver, Colorado, 80210.

### Gwait Twaits

If you've been wondering whose talent you've been seeing in the pages of the Crumb and on the trunks of trees around Bread Loaf, you're reading in the right place. Ian's Art, the perfect compliment for houseplants as well as landscaping vegetation, is available in the Blue Parlor for a modest 25¢ per page. Kit Pancoast, one of an elite group of Bread Loaf artists, including Lore Segal, is behind the whole kit and caboodle of Crumb illustrations. Except for the cartoons (see below) which are the sole responsibility of eleven year Bread Loaf veteran Norton Girault. When you're standing in line to pay ten dollars to see their works in the Metropolitan Museum, remember you could have seen them here if only you hadn't waited. Serves you right.

### DeServed Desserts

The Crumb is delighted to serve two Loafers their just desserts: Chris Forman won the Library Lit-Wit Quote Contest yesterday by seeing through our hemming and hawing to identify Ernest Hemingway as the stuffy author. Bob Handy also came up with the right ID, though his duties kept him from the Library where the winning bookmark lurked. For a prize, our top winner requested a "BIG" prize, so how about joining us in giving Chris a big Handy. As a consolation prize, Bob gets to be the prize. Can you be so lucky? Only if you heed Librarian Marian's advice and return all borrowed books by Friday.

after minor surgery

this is the dress rehearsal  
when the body  
like a constant lover  
flirts for the first time  
with faithlessness

when the body  
like a passenger on a long journey  
hears the conductor call out  
the name  
of the first stop

when the body  
in all its fear and cunning  
makes promises to me  
it knows  
it cannot keep

--from PM/AM  
by Linda Pastan



## THE CRUMB

### The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 10

21 August 1987

"I inflict all this on you because once you said that life is sometimes life and sometimes only a drama...But this morning, it really does seem not life but a play."

#### Inflict All This on Yourself

9:00	Workshops: Ron Powers	Barn 4
	Hilma Wolitzer	Barn 3
	Linda Pastan	Barn 2
	David Madden	Barn 1
	William Matthews	Barn West
11:15	Reading: Mark Childress	Little Theatre
	Jean Nordhaus	
	Christopher Leland	
2:00	Panel: Editors	Little Theatre
4:00	Reading: Sharon Stark	Little Theatre
	David St. John	
5:30	Gala Cocktail Party	South Meadow
8:15	Reading: Nicholas Delbanco	Little Theatre

#### How-Art sEnds Them

This afternoon at 2:00, Maria Guarnaschelli, Joyce Johnson, and Amy Pastan will lead a panel discussion in the Little Theatre on their practice and experiences as book editors. Come hear them describe how (and what) art "sends" them as well as what is sent to them. They will let you know where the buck stops and the book ends. And you'll have the chance to ask them all those epistle-packing questions that never get answered through the mail.

#### Don't Forget Your Forster Grants

The Gala Cocktail Party this evening at 5:30 is your last, best opportunity to (let it all) hang out and hobnob with the great writers you have come to revere. Afterwards, they will go back to waiting and the impassable gulf will yawn again. But no boredom here: dress up and make a big impression by dripping some of Mary Duffy's golden "or d'oeuvres" down your finery. And don't forget your foster grants to protect you from the starshine.

#### Complay'n Displayce

The Barn at 9:30 tomorrow night is where and when we mean to say, 'Come play in this place.' The second Writers' Conscience Barn Dance begins with 45 minutes of "Cheek to Cheek" dancing--and we don't mean bump'n'grind. Fred Astaire, Bunny Berrigan, Billie Holiday, and Teddy Wilson will call the tunes, but they'll leave it up to you to twirl your partner. Then at 10:15 a mix of rock from the 50's through the 80's takes over. Finally, in the wee hours, the dance will end with a bang as the entire Mormon TaBarnacle Choir performs its rendition of "Sympathy for the Devil." So if you've got some complaints to displace, dis is de place to do it: we've got something for whatever wails you. Come play and displace the joint.

#### Drama-mean

It's a cruel drama we are about to enact, so don't forget your Dramamine when it comes time to depart. And don't forget to let the Front Desk know when you will be leaving. They mean only to help you on your way by arranging transportation to bus or airport, whichever comes closest to where you're going.



### Drama Diary

The Crumb has recently uncovered a story of hardship endured and unfailing dedication to duty which the editor feels provides a moral for our time. Word of the drama about to unfold before you first reached the Crumb office in the form of a diary. This is what it revealed. All this time, there have been not one but two Librarians at work fulfilling our requests and dreaming of an overdue vacation all while she was living on borrowed time. Pamela Pack, as her diary tells us, long bore the burden of anonymity as she humped away under the blazing sun of our expectations, and yet unable to escape the shadow of her coworker, the archetypal librarian, Marian. Too long was she a ship in the desert of our disregard. No more. PaMeLA, too, is an expert organ-izer, a medium dispensing impacted wisdom. Despite her tender pack-age, she has already seen more circulation than most of us will even at this evening's Cocktail Party. And to prove her worth, Pa "You'll Find" me "In" LA has taken it upon herself to provide today's Quote of the Day. Given this proof of her budding talents, the Crumb thinks she has the authority to issue this order: "Return all books to the Library by 5:00 today or I'll come by and pammel you into the ground."

### Explaycating Playto

Those supercallemfragileisticexplicatordashas of Lit Wit have struck again. As if she had nothing better to do than sit around explicating Plato, Dorothy Sutton hiton the correct identity of yesterday's Library Writ Wit Quote of the Day: John Milton. John Kilgore placed close to Sutton (a little New York humor), and Bob Handy came in third from an inDeskrete distance. For prizes, our two Librarians will hand out Milltowns to our obviously overstressed winners. Calm on down to the Library and try your luck today.

"His room had a view of the dock. He had a double bed with a board beneath the mattress and brass bars painted white; he had a chest of drawers and a rolltop desk beneath the window. He organized the pigeonholes, the stacks of twenty-weight paper, the marmalade jar full of pens. The paraphernalia of habit codified, that summer, into ritual observance. He made himself strong coffee on a hotplate; he bought a blue tin cup. He played solitaire. This permitted him, he felt, to stay at his desk without restlessness; it engaged his hands but not attention. He could sit for hours, dealing cards.

"He wrote his pages rapidly, then rewrote at length. The little ecstasy of correction, the page reworked if a syllable seemed inexact, or missing, the change of a comma that felt consequential, the tinkering and achieved finality: all this was new to Mark. He recited paragraphs aloud. He read chapters to the mirror, conscious of inflection, rhythm, emphasis. He blackened the blank pages with a sense of discovered delight."

--from "The Writer's Trade"  
by Nicholas Delbanco

Overheard: The epigraph to Ron Powers' next book, on the Baby Food Industry:  
"The child is fodder to the man."

## THE CRUMB

### The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 11

22 August 1987

"A young man said he wanted to go to bed with Alexandra because she had an interesting mind. He was a cabdriver and she had admired the curly back of his head."

#### Interesting Things to Keep in Mind

9:00	Workshops: Francine Prose	Barn 4
	Nicholas Delbanco	Barn 3
	Lore Segal	Barn 2
	Donald Justice	Barn 1
	Paul Mariani/Robert Pack	Barn West
11:15	Panel: Literary Agents	Little Theatre
2:00	Panel: Literary Closure	Little Theatre
3:15	Meeting: Literary Pen Pals	Blue Parlor
8:15	Reading: Marvy Bell	Little Theatre
9:30	Dance	Barn

#### Young Goodman Brawn

This morning at 11:15 in the Little Theatre, Elise and Arnold Goodman of Goodman Associates will lead a discussion of the work they do as literary agents and how their collective brawn can help you publish your work. Don't hem or Haw: the path to placement is thorny.

#### An Into-resting Mind

If you're always troubled by enormous changes at the last minute; if you have difficulty packing it in; if the curfew tells its knoll before you're through; come to a panel on literary closure this afternoon at 2:00 in the Little Theatre. Paul Mariani, Bob Pack, Nancy Willard, and Hilma Wolitzer will be on hand to close the Conference on a -sure note.

#### Go Go till Bed

If you've heard that life is a cab-o'-Ray but have always been afraid to go go for a ride, hop in to our Lit-o'-rare-Ray Rock Hop tonight beginning at 9:30 in the Barn. We'll kick off our excursion with a trip down memory lane, featuring music of the 40's and 50's: the kind you could really dance to once upon a time. Then at 10:15 we'll begin to shift gears as we cruise towards the present day, and from there on it'll be rock till you drop. So don't miss it: you'll have an outRaygecus time.

#### Cable Knit

There will be a meeting for everyone interested in starting a writers' group to exchange work through the mail, at 3:15 in the Blue Parlor. Stop by; you'll be sure to meet someone whose views correspond with your own, and it will give you something better to do during those long, cold winter nights than knit sweaters. Knit friendships instead: cable your work to someone new.

#### Grace Pales By Comparison

One must have a mind of winner...and have been culled a long time to beat the easy grace of perennial Quote Catcher Josh Levine. Once again joshtice has been served, josht as we were levin': Josh devined the author of yesterday's Library Litter-airy Lunacy Quote as none other than aunty E.M. Forster. Bob Handy also deserves special credit for not being behind-hand in his guessing, for he knew the answer even before the Crumb hit the stands. Finally, seconds go to David "I'll Take" Dill-on "My Salad" who was only seconds later. For his prize, our modest "I'm Only" Joshing is privileged to choose tomorrow's Quote of the Day. Now you too can forster hopes of winning.



TO DOROTHY

You are not beautiful, exactly.  
You are beautiful, inexactly.  
You let a weed grow by the mulberry  
and a mulberry grow by the house.  
So close, in the personal quiet  
of a windy night, it brushes the wall  
and sweeps away the day till ~~we~~ sleep.

A child said it, and it seemed true:  
"Things that are lost are all equal."  
But it isn't true. If I lost you,  
the air wouldn't move, nor the tree grow.  
Someone would pull the weed, my flower.  
The quiet wouldn't be yours. If I lost you,  
I'd have to ask the grass to let me sleep.

--Marvin Bell

One more from Norton's Anthology





THE CRUMB

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Volume 62, Number 12

23 August 1987

"The world stands out on either side  
No wider than the heart is wide."

What Stands Out

(Fill in the Blank)

Go for a Wide

Sadly, we bid you adieu as you pack up and ride off the mountain and back into your lives. Please be out of your rooms by noon so that our hardworking maids can get on with their lives as well. But as you drive past Vermont's beautiful cow-studded fields, don't forget to cast a backward glance or two as the bovine lines of "Amazing Graze" pass once more through your mind.

Worth Your Conswideration

Thanks to all those who have made this summer's Conference possible, nay probable. Special remembrances should go to the Front Desk Crew, the Kitchen Staff, the Groundskeepers, the Maids. Also, let's not forget to be grateful to conferees like Lora Berg who brought a taste of their native stomping grounds--in the form of a bottle of Mount Gay Rum from Barbados contributed to the entire Conference at Friday's Cocktail Party. And of course, best wishes to one another, without whom none of us would have cared to be here.

On Ether's Side

As we head home, our brains fogged with the ethereal dew of our literary imbibings, it is good to know that some of us have kept clear heads. Congratulations to Ben Reynolds and Andie Yellot, both of whom, simultaneously and together, guessed yesterday's Quote of the Day by Grace Paley. Their prize is simply to be who they are. And thanks again to Josh Levine for providing today's parting quote from Edna St. Vincent Millay.

DON'T FORGET TO WRITE!



